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Fune's Verses





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JUNE

From Photo Taken in 1915

June's Verses

BY
LINDA GALE LYON
"

With Foreword by
CORNELIUS WOELFKIN



ROCHESTER, NEW YORK
NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-FOUR

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1924

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BY

LINDA GALE LYON



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DEDICATION

MOTHER of mine, most beautiful
of mothers,
Take thou this gift which I to thee
have brought,
Faulty, ah yes, though I perfection sought
With help from Father who, most patient,
taught
Me wherein lay my weakness and my strength.

O thou, dear guardian of my babyhood,
Molder and maker of my purest dreams,
Little have I thy great love understood;
How little mine comparatively seems!

When as a child I from thy lips learned
prayer
Thou ledst me gently to my Saviour's feet;
And ever since when comfort I seek, there
I find a solace that is sure and sweet.

I dedicate my life to do my best;
I dedicate these lines in love to thee;
Oh, may the years to come be ever blest
By what most pleases thee.

1923

FOREWORD

Poetic verses are the windows of the soul. Through them we catch glimpses of the world which lies beyond the narrow paddocks of time and space. It is wise, at times, to look upon that world through the eyes of mature age and experience, even though such surveys, are often shadowed with disappointment. It is stimulating to hear the martial music of

those who "go in the full strength of years." It is living to feel the challenging pulse of youth, as it breaks into the songs of pathos and hope.

But to feel the rhythm of a soul that voices the sentiments of a guileless spirit; to surrender the mind to the guidance of untarnished childhood, and experience the enchantment of unsullied imagination and chaste emotion, - this

is to bask in the real
Fountains of youth.

Here are the verses of
a young "Friend o' mine,"
whom others with myself
recognize as a talented
child and gifted young wo-
man. I mean not to wa-
ry you in the index, but
to let this minstrel bring
to you at once, her cups of
refreshing water, drawn
directly from the springs
of her fancy, sentiment,
and emotion.

Therefore, without more
ado or delay, I vacate
the part of a prologue
and give place to the
author of "Tune's Verses."

Cornelius Woolfkin,
New York City,
March 19th, 1924.

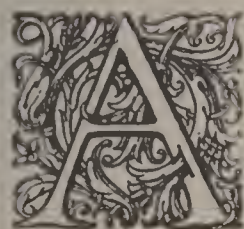
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A BLACK AND WHITE KITTEN

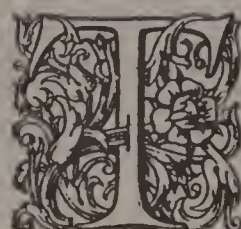


KITTEN, both black and white,
Slept in our barn one night;
Her eyes as yellow as the sun,
So bright, so bright, my heart she
won.

Her fur, the fairest ever seen,
She seemed to me the pussy's queen;
Her eyes as yellow as the sun,
So bright, so bright, my heart she won.

1913

MY PUSSY

HOUGH her face is kind,
She's a very bad pussy—
That pussy of mine.
She kills little birds

That flutter and sing:
She pulls them to pieces
And breaks their small wings.
Though her face is kind
She's a very bad pussy—
That pussy of mine.

Though her face is kind,
She's a very bad pussy—
That pussy of mine.
She can climb up a tree
As well as a squirrel.
And I think she's
The prettiest cat in the world.
Though her face is kind
She's a very bad pussy—
That pussy of mine.

Though her face is kind,
She's a very bad pussy—
That pussy of mine.

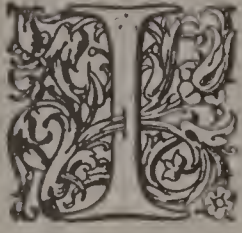
She watches the fishes
That swim in the brook.
One day, in she fell, and
For her we did look.

* * * * *

Though her face was kind,
She was a bad pussy—
That pussy of mine.

1913

SUNSETS



LOVE the summer sunsets
One sees up in the sky;
Like in a bed of cotton
The great sun seems to lie.

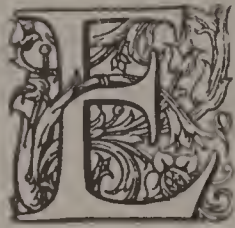
1913

TREASURES

BURIED in the water—
Hidden in the sand—
Treasures without number
Found in every land.

1914

THE SKY-LARK AND THE PURPLE FINCH*



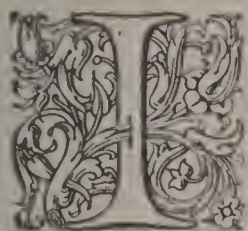
EARLY in the morning
When the sun begins to rise,
The music of the purple finch
Is echoed in the skies.

While prettiest of all in a secret lies
For in the middle of the day
The sky-lark singing as he flies
Soars upward towards the skies.

1914

*After an early morning tramp in the Dingle with Dr. and Mrs.
Herbert W. Hoyt.

MY WISH

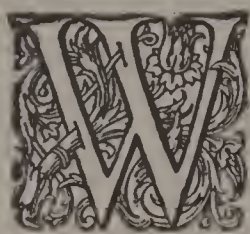
 WISH I were a robin
With breast of scarlet hue—
I'd be so very happy,
I know just what I'd do.

I'd flutter and I'd fly
O'er meadow and o'er tree;
And I'd be just as happy
As any one could be.

But when it comes to nighttime,
And my friends I'd want to see,
I may wish to be a robin,
But a child I'd rather be.

1914

A PRAYER FOR PEACE

E CALL for peace.
We pray for peace.
When wilt thou cease
Oh, long and restless war!
Fire and gun-powder mingle affray,
While over the nations seems to reign
A world just filled with sorrow and pain.

Cannons and bombs so red,
Men to the front have fled.
In each heart fear and dread
Oh, wilt thou cease!

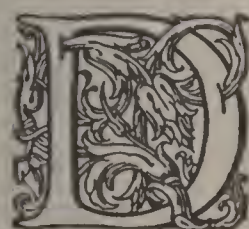
Beneath the Zeppelin bomb
Houses and towns fall down.
Now only ruins found,
And homes seem gone.

Homeless and fatherless—
Wee babes left comfortless—
What greater sorrow this!
Through the whole world it rings;
In each kind heart it sings.

So let us sing
To God our King
That PEACE may reign on earth.

1914

THE MYSTERY

 DONALD and Dan,
Two little boys,
Were discontented
With their toys.

They wanted something
With hands and feet,
So they made a snow-man
All complete.

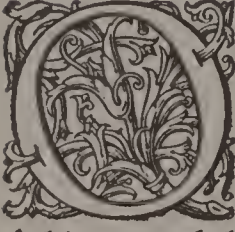
The wind it roared
As if to say:—
“Why don’t you try
To run away?”

Donald and Dan
Went to their beds,
While dreams of snow-men
Filled their heads.

But when they woke
They saw with fright
The man had vanished
In the night.

1915

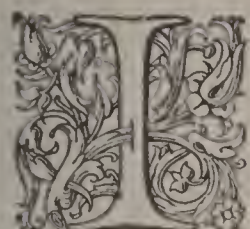
A BOY'S APOLOGY TO A ROBIN

H, WHY! sir Robin,
Do you cry and fly around?
I only took your nest of down,—
And four blue eggs,
All speckled brown.

I did not know
That they were living:
Oh, please! sir Robin,
Be forgiving.

1915

SPRINGTIME

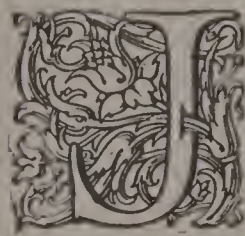
N SCHOOL I sit, with vacant
mind and restless feet,
And dread the teacher's gaze to
meet,

While all the world—it seems to say:
“Why don't you come outdoors and play?”
It's hard to do a simple sum,
When birds about you gaily hum.
Then teacher says: “Work harder, dear,
Or you will flunk exams, I fear.”

Why not learn accuracy from bees,
And learn to spell the names of trees?
As there are out-door games galore,
Learn Arithmetic by keeping score;
Geography by trips we take,
And Grammar by the tales we make.
Soon, school and nature both we'd know.
I'm sure all illnesses would go—
And study then would be a pleasure
Through all the happy Spring-time weather.

1915

JACK FROST



JACK FROST has been here,
And see what he's done!
He has painted the
Windows, every one!

He has frozen the water
In the night,
And vanished with
The morning's light.

The river now
Has a frozen bed.
And every flower
Has drooped its head.

He has coated the trees
With armour strong:
He hardens the ground
As he goes along.

Cold and crisp
He has made the air;
His gleaming traces
Are everywhere.

Yet no one has seen him—
So folks say,
As wisely and gaily
He flies away.

But if you chance to meet him,
Please bring the news to me,
For such a magic worker
I would very like to see.

1915

TO DADDY DEAR*



H, HOW I wish I only were
A wonderful astronomer;
To study all the stars up high,
And learn the secrets of the sky!

I think it would be grand to be
A sailor sailing on the sea;
To rescue drowners from the foam,
And get great honors far from home.

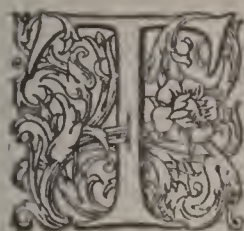
I simply love a painter's art;
It swells a portion of my heart:
I'd pictures paint of boats and sails,
And illustrate fantastic tales.

But most of all—
I want to do
The things you mostly
Want me to!

1915

*Slipped into Daddy's suitcase when he was going on a journey.

FOR THE SAKE OF BEAUTY

HE electric tweezers we behold,
From the cheek abstracts a mole,
Just for the sake of Beau-ty.
Just for the sake of Beau-ty.

Stinging tonics on the head,
Will turn the hair a brilliant red,
Just for the sake of Beau-ty—
Just for the sake of Beau-ty.

My teeth are wrenched most from my head,
'Til I retreat into my bed,
All for the sake of Beau-ty!
All for the sake of Beau-ty!

1916

OH, TO BE TRUE!



OH, TO be true! it's grand to be true!

When the band is playing a martial air,

And the sons of freedom march forth to dare.
Though we smile the while through eyes of dew,

Each thought is caught with a prayer for you.

Oh, to be true! it's grand to be true!

But when at length the front you leave

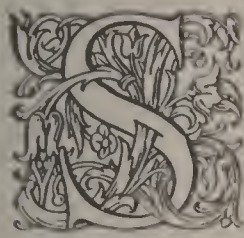
With a useless leg or an empty sleeve.

Are you sad, brave lad, you are true?

'Tis sad, but we are glad you are true.

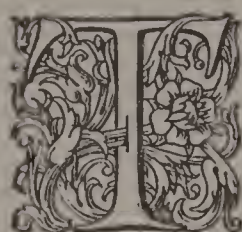
1916

THE TURNING OF THE TIDE

EE, lad, the waves advancing,
The great gray waves advancing;
But steadfast stands the shore.
Though seagulls soaring o'er them,
Survey the coastline for them,
That's what the gulls are for.
But buzzards in their kiting
The great, gray waves are sighting,
They're doing for the seashore as the sea birds
for the sea.

1916

THE QUEEN'S CHOICE


HE Queen is coming," winds declare;
"The fairest flower she'll pluck
and wear."

The fragrant Rose in wind did blow,
She sang,—“I'll be chosen, I know—I know.”
With merry laugh, like fairies' chuckle,
“She'll surely take me,” said Honeysuckle.
A tiny cry from a flower pot
Kept saying—“I hope she'll Forget-me-not.”
“O, darling Queen! Do please take me,”
Anxiously whispered the fair Sweet Pea.
“If I'm not taken, my pride will fall,”
Said jolly Sunflower, guarding the wall.
Said Four-leaf-clover: “Me she'll pluck,
If she expects to find good luck.”
“Oh, me she'll pick as quick as a wink,”
Is what was thought by the garden Pink.
“Dear me! How foolish folks do talk,
'Tis me she'll choose,” said Hollyhock.
“Yes, she'll take you, but me, alas!
She'll never notice,” cried Blue-eyed Grass.
So each one told her hopes, with fearing,
Waiting for her Queen's appearing.
And every heart was filled with thrills
When Fairy Queen came o'er the hills.
Then every flower sank down with a sigh
As lovely Queen passed each one by.

On Blue-eyed Grass fell their jealous eyes;
The air was filled with angry cries.
The Queen stooped low, and plucked with
care,
And placed the weed in her golden hair.

1917

THE SEASONS' WREATH

HE fish are playing in the rill,
The clouds float over yonder hill,
And Spring is calling, calling
still—
“Daffodil! Daffodil!”

The trees with chilly boughs are wet;
In thoughts of joy, sad things forget;
The winter birds are singing yet,—
“Violet! Violet!”

And when sweet days of May we see,
The South winds murmur soft and free—
“Wind flower fair, remember me—
Anemone, Anemone.”

The voice of Spring's no longer dumb;
Her wonder-works cheer every one,
As merrily the birds call, “Come,
Trillium! Trillium!”

We see thee o'er the meadows trip,
The brooks that o'er the pebbles clip
Said,—“From our crystal waters sip,
Cowslip! Cowslip!”

Now Spring and Summer's arms entwine;
The balmy days are just sublime;
And now we know it is thy time,
Columbine! Columbine!

What fairy flower has no foes,
And makes all forget their woes?
Every little songster knows;
 Primrose! Primrose!

All is summer in the dell,
Enchanting as a fairy spell.
Who is ringing, "All is well?"
 Blue-Bell, Blue-Bell.

Oft stars of a summer night
Would send a message through their light,
"Thou art indeed a lovely sight,
 Yarrow-Pink, Yarrow-White."

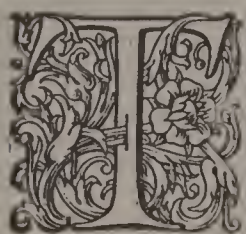
The Summer's very proud of thee,
Thou'rt loved by butterfly and bee,
Thou art the fairest sight to see—
 Peony! Peony!

The merry maid of wooded lair,
Who would alone the forest dare,
Who is she? Hast thou no care?
 Maiden-hair, Maiden-hair.

The door of Summer, Fall hath prod.
That thou art here, why think it odd?
When Autumn comes we see thee nod—
 Golden-Rod, Golden-Rod.

1917

A WINTER'S NIGHT IN THE COUNTRY

HE AIR is cold and keen,
The snow has ceased to fall;
The warden of the farm-yard
Sends forth his crowing call.

Each tree with snowy plumage
The shivering shadows sink
From view beneath the branches,
I see a civet slink.

Hard as a rock is frozen
The water in the rills:
And many a ghostly object
Is seen on glistening hills.

I think those starry crystals
In myriad masses, might
Help their queen of the heavens
To mellow more moonlight.

Are those white peaks the bonnets
Of roofs in the nearest town?
Do you see them huddled together
In the distance, cuddled down?

From windows of the scattered farms
We see the lamp lights clear.
How desolate is the highway,
Lying lonely, lost and drear!

Hark! Chanticleer is saying:
“I see the sun appear;
The winter’s night is over—
The winter’s morn is here.”

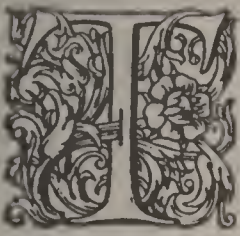
1917

THE PRIMROSE

WHAT was all that loud commotion,
Louder than the roaring ocean?
All the gaily colored flowers
Came in glowing rainbow showers.
I beheld them where I stood,
Decking hill and dale and wood;
While their song filled earth and sky—
That bright day in fair July.
What it meant was told to me
By a busy bumble-bee.
“Little flower, why stand still?
Come and join us on the hill.
The Queen will make a declaration
Who’ll be flower of the nation.”
“No,” I said, “for on a rock
I might trip and spoil my frock.”
“Yet, primrose flower they will judge you, too,
Notwithstanding what you do.”
Lo! the very world grew still;
Every heart began to thrill,
For soon a lovely voice proclaimed
The flower that would so be famed.
Thence came loud cries like trumpet blows—
’Tis the rose! the rose! the rose!
First, sorrow in my heart abode;
Now I’m content to beautify the road,
For our Queen there said to me:
“The country’s *sunshine* thou shalt be.”

1917

FANTASY

 WAS evening when the sun arose
On Western hills of gray;
It stayed but for to smile awhile
Before it slid away.

And when the burning ball was gone
The after-glow was seen,
First flashing out a crimson light—
Then fading into green.

And with the sun appears the moon—
A crescent soft and rare;
First gleaming brightly in the sky,
Then vanishing in air.

The Northern lights and Southern lights
Do wrestle in the sky;
The winds, they rush 'round rolling hills
And in excitement cry.

From out the sky the sea comes down
Upon the racing earth;
Now breaking into angry rage—
Now into lusty mirth.

1917

A MASTERPIECE OF ART

IN THAT cramped, mysterious
room,
Long forsaken, long neglected,
With its walls of faded fabric
Thickly covered o'er with dust:
With its shattered stained-glass windows
Doubly fogged with sooty cinders,
Oft,—though not a breeze be blowing
All the furniture within it
Creaked and groaned to one another,
Haunted by the ghost of Time.
Double bed in yonder corner
With its stately spiral pillars
Holding high above the sleeper
A broad canopy of darkness.
And at night, from sunken sockets
Two black eyes, in sleepless slumber
Glared from pale and pallid features
Lying on the threadbare pillow.
He looked far too aged and haggard
For a man of only thirty.
The dull flicker of the lamplight
Showed mice playing on the carpet;
All were barred from world of living
By a massive oaken door.
This weird chamber to its tenant
Was a tomb of mental anguish;
But each day, with bony fingers
He would part the heavy curtains—

Curtains of a life's great sorrow—
And would slowly enter into
That one room containing pleasure,
Where the sun's rays sifted downward
Through the skylight overhead;
And its radiance illumined
The broad canvas on the easel.
On a stool he'd sit before it;
In his hands his paint and brushes.
'Twas a picture of a maiden
Sitting by a crystal streamlet,
Listening to the vesper service
Of the birds among the willows,
With wild flowers gently swaying
In the winds among the grasses;
Near the sunken sun the cloudlets
Bore the color of the rainbow.
And with deft and skilful fingers
Did the artist round the hilltops;
And he carefully touched with silver
Her fair locks of amber curls.
Then, at last, his work was finished;
Save to bear his name immortal.
Soon the world would gaze in wonder;
Soon would thunder with applause.
Then he, leaning wildly forward,
Shook with eager, great excitement,
And he murmured, queerly chanting
Words unheard of by the ear.
And the maiden, by the streamlet
Raised to his, her long, brown lashes;

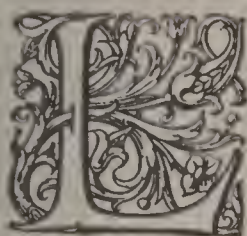
Softly then her lips they parted;
Softly whispered in reply.

* * * *

We were first beside the owner
To behold that gloomy chamber.
We, alone, beheld that genius
Lying dead beneath his labors:
Lying dead beside his treasure—
That great Masterpiece of Art.

1917

SNAPDRAGON

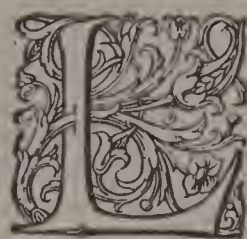


LITTLE maiden, do not fear me,
Though I am a dragon, bold.
I may be fierce of features,
But my heart is far from cold.

I rescued flower-people
From a cruel ogre's trap,
And frightened him away
With a wild and vicious snap.
The Ogre's hands are many;
His body's long and thin;
And as he looked upon me
He gave a sneering grin.
The thought of any victory
On his part made me burn,
And thus I went and conquered
The ugly wire worm;
And when on birch-bark paper
The news our Queen did see,
She said: "I have a message
I will impart to thee.
O mighty 'Prince Snapdragon!'—
For this shall be thy name—
Right glorious in flower land
Shall ever bloom thy fame."
Now, pretty little maiden
My tale is at an end;
And though we never meet again,
Count me a loyal friend.

1917

TRIBUTE TO A FRIEND



LIKE the Autumn sky of azure,
Like the ocean's deeper blue,
Ever growing—never ending,
Dearie, is my love for you.

You, who make me ever happy;
You, who make my sorrows flee;
Greater be the bond between us,
Dearie, you and me.

Though at times we must be parted;
Though from me you go;
That you're ever in my mind,
Dearie,—you will know.

You are very fair of feature;
You are pleasing in your way;
From the first you made me love you,
Dearie,—made me love for aye.

'Tis wonderful a friend to be,
When friendship's warm and true!
The best of friends I ever had,
O Betsy dear, is you!


1917

TO A BABY

I WAS weary of this life, weary of
its endless whirl;
But all is changed since thou hast
come—my precious girly-girl.
May the angels ease the pillow for thy fragile
little head,
And protect thee from all evil, hovering o'er
thy trundle bed.
What blue eyes thou hast, my darling! Oh,
she has a little curl!
May God ever bless and keep thee, my pre-
cious girly-girl.

1917

WOODLAND SPRITES

HE butterflies in woodland glades
Are really little fairy maids.
The toadstools all are fairy elves;
Upon this fact they pride them-
selves.

Yet, when no human eye is near,
Quite differently they all appear.
The elves creep out with gay caresses
For fairy nymphs in flower dresses
Who love bright colors oft to wear,
And sunshine gleaming in their hair,
As mighty waves, the white foam tosses.
They deck the trees and woodland mosses,
They feast on joy and drops of dew,
And live for love and freedom, too.
The elves and nymphs dance hand in hand
'Til all the woods are fairyland.
Yet just one peek, each elfykin
Becomes a toadstool once again;
The little sprites are butterflies
That flit and dance before one's eyes.

1917

THE COMING OF WINTER

I SAW! I saw!
It was a wondrous sight to see;
Dressed out in glowing colors
Was every leafy tree.

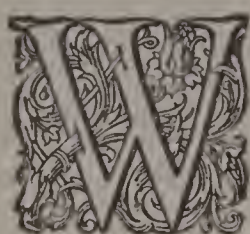
Of changing hues were Autumn skies
With many a cloud on wing.

How joyfully
The flocking birds
Their farewell message sing.

I heard! I heard!
Those doleful melodies,
With fingers all unseen
Winds shook the somber trees.
The tiny stars peeped out, and looking down,
Beheld frost working far below,
Freezing, teasing,
Angry cawing,
Most disheartened crow.

I felt! I felt!
The sun was waning fast;
His warm enlightening powers
Seemed glories of the past.
Of deepening gray, the stormy skies;
Then all became so white and drear;
I knew full well
Winter's reign had come,
Winter's king was here.

JUST BEFORE THE MASQUERADE

HO are you, little maiden,
With face framed in a bonnet,
With golden curls about it,
And a merry smile upon it?

On what errand are you going
With laughter in your eye?
To some far and foreign country,
Or the neighborhood nearby?

Since you ask me, Mr. Jester,
In your funny, pleasing way,
I'll not refuse to tell you
That I'm Miss Kate Greenaway.

Now you have done with asking,
'Tis my turn to question you;
Don't try to laugh and jest,
But answer straight and true.

Go you upon a journey
To a merry festive scene,
With the gay bells all a-jingle
On your cap of red and green?


I must tell you, little maiden;
I hate to work at school;
So, to-night I play the jester's part
And act the reckless fool.

Time flies swiftly, little maiden,
And I hear my mother call;
Pray allow me, fair Kate Greenaway,
To escort you to the ball.

I know you'll get the prize,
Old-fashioned little sister;
And ere she could reply,
The jester up and kissed her.

1917

A TOAST TO ELZIE*

ERE'S to our sister, Elzie, our sister,
Queen of the hours when together
we sit;
She reads aloud, while the rest of us knit.
Long live our sister, Elzie, our sister!

Here's to our sister, Elzie, our sister,
Who spans the ocean with skilful pen,
Cheering the hearts of fighting men.
Long live our sister, Elzie, our sister!

Here's to our sister, Elzie, our sister,
In various cities she's been seen
Teaching the use of the knitting machine.
Long live our sister, Elzie, our sister!

Here's to our sister, Elzie, our sister!
May loving and faithful hearts remember
Her birthday, the twentieth day of November.
Long live our sister, Elzie, our sister!

Here's to our sister, Elzie, our sister!
Blessed with genius of so many arts;
So greatly loved by so many hearts.
Long live our sister, Elzie, our sister!

1917

*In honor of Elizabeth's birthday.

BOBBY'S VOLUNTEERED!


BOBBY'S volunteered, ma,
He's going to the war;
He's going to mingle in that fight;
That fight, and what it's for!
He's gone and volunteered, ma,
He's going far away;
And I know we cannot stop him
No matter what we say.

The tears were in my eyes, ma,
When Bobby said to me:
"I'm going to live for Justice,
Or die for Liberty."
I hear the tramping, tramping;
The tread of many feet;
And Bobby, too, is marching
Along the crowded street.

At home, we sit a-sobbing
About our gathering woes;
But, ma, ain't God a-watching
Wherever Bobby goes?
If so, I know a-rightly
His footsteps He will guide,
And though my eyes are filled with tears,
My heart is filled with pride.

1917

CHRISTMAS WISHES

UTSIDE the chilly North winds
blow,
Indoors is decked with mistletoe;
And children's voices gaily chime
Sweet carols of fair Christmas time.

Now, 'round the burning log they sit,
Their faces with expectance lit,
As notes to Santa Claus they send,
First blaze, then into blackness blend.

They wish, and through their thoughts they
see
Their wishes as they wish they'd be;
Wee Mary paints a lovely scene;
In center is an evergreen,

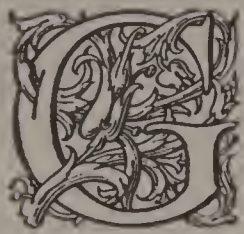
With clothing, food and lots of toys
For homeless little girls and boys.
"I wish," says one—"with all my soul
I could fill cellars lacking coal."

Jack shakes his head—he wants to fight
And help his country in the right.
He sees his mother's brave face sad,
And loudly shouts: "I'm glad! I'm glad!
And proud to fill the place of those
Who, singing, left to fight our foes."

The sweetest song of human ken
Is "Peace on earth—good will to men."
My wishes, that, in every tongue
Around the world this hymn be sung.

1917

A MOUNTAIN LAKE



URGLING water, changing light,
Mirror of the coming night;
Star and cloudlet passing by
Leave image in the upturned sky.

A misty veil the scenes enclose
When waking from a night's repose.
Now in shimmering calm it stays,
Now with wind in frolic plays.
The elk, whose equal he had seen not once,
Beheld his rival in her countenance.

Many a leaf to her blows down
Where it merrily floats around;
While trees bend over far to take
Peeps at reflections in the lake.
Bright rays of sun smile on her there,
On Water Lilies in her hair;
And frogs who would a-wooing go
At eve relate to her their woe:
And saucy squirrels chatter angrily
At seeing self in mimic mockery.

When across thy heart of blue
I skim along in my canoe,
Water laughing at the bow
Whispers softly, "How art thou?"

All is still and crystal clear,
Then murmuring ripples soft appear
Ever changing, never changing,
Sparkling jewel of the hills
All wondrous thoughts about thee
My heart with rapture fills.

1917

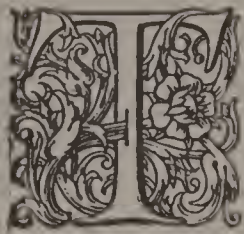
EAST, FROM COBB'S HILL

INTRICATE lace-work of Na-
ture's wood carving,
Swaying and leafless, stand out in
the foreground;
Through which play winds, like some mighty
musician,
Skilfully touching the delicate tracery.
Dipping and twirling and rising to Eastward,
Drifteth the snow o'er the broad frozen
meadow;
All in the scene seem struggling in conflict
Save the high hill so serene and unchange-
able,
E'en though persistent winds batter against it,
Shifting the sparkling white shapes on the
ledges.
A bit to the North of the bleak, barren hill-
side,
Rocked in a hollow—the forest forsaken
Giveth one gleam of lost civilization.
Smoke marks the site of the little log cabin,—
Forester's dwelling, concealed by the trees.
Lonely, but happy, amid such surroundings,
Hideth itself in the heart of the woodland.
Gaze we in wonderment on the fair firma-
ment;
All the soft colors that blend in the rainbow,
Making fantastic the vision before us.
Now powerful Atlas loometh gigantic,

Bearing upon his great shoulders the Heav-
ens.
Now the wild sky turneth into an ocean,
Tossing, writhing in furious anguish.
Through the black rolling of billows there
creepeth
A rift in the tempest, unnoticed until—
The slant, golden rays of the winter sun's
tresses
Transform the blue hill to sapphire and sil-
ver.
Crowning its ridges with clear, dazzling
splendor.
Then, turn we Westward,—continue our
journeying,
Leaving behind us that wonderful landscape
Only to see Nature's marvels redoubled.

1917

THE SEA



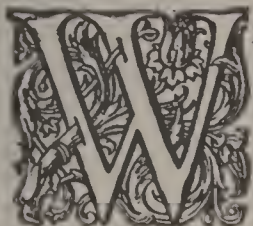
HE ceaseless waves are pounding
Against the lighthouse wall;
They dash again, and crash again,
And rise again to fall;
Silencing with thundering the lonely sea
birds' call.

The lighthouse light is shining
High o'er the rocky deep;
It shineth long and waiteth long,
Yet longeth not to sleep;
Throughout the night it sendeth light
To those upon the deep.

How many ships are sailing
Upon the changing sea?
The many men a-manning them
Such dauntless fellows be,
That weal or woe 'tis much we owe
The sailors of the sea.

1917

DO,—NOT DREAM


E WILDLY picture in our minds
The victory won — the battle
fought,
Yet, when we waken from the
dream—

Alas! 'tis only in the thought.

Awake! arise! And do your bit
For Liberty, with all your might;
For dreams,—though noble they may be—
Will little help to win the fight.

1917

FOR MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY*

T EARLY morn, ere day is born,
Birds greet, with song, the first
bright ray—
A silent promise of the dawn.
The sun's fast coming on his way.

The tiny buds upon the trees,
The flowers, o'er which the snowflakes play
Know, though cold Winter lingers still,
That Spring is coming on the way.

The milk-maid stands, with pail in hand,
At closing of a summer's day;
She sees them not, but hears a bell—
The cows are coming on their way.

The children hear while at their work
A far-off hurdy-gurdy lay;
'Tis not in sight—still they rejoice
Because 'tis coming on the way.

On this, your birthday, mother, dear,
Have I no gift, no word to say?
Forgive me if it be not here,—
It, too, is coming on the way.

1918

*A forerunner of a Gift.

VISIONING THE END OF WAR

MY EYES are dead, yet wakes my
soul to see
The victory won, and who the vic-
tors be.

I see the flag, emblem of living life
Waves o'er the land and tells the end of strife.
From out the ruins blooms the world anew;
False hearts repent, and true hearts yet are
true.

The dragon sleeps and ne'er again shall rise;
He swore to triumph, but while swearing,
dies.

Still rain doth fall—yet sun is shining
through;

Soft eyes are shining through bright drops of
dew;

Their voices shouting like a trumpet blast—
Their fervent prayers at length have come to
pass.

The night was long, with endless suffering
borne,

But now rejoice! behold the breaking morn!
You see the horrors, hear the cannon roar;
If this be all, look farther than before.

1918

TO MY VALENTINE

HERE'S to thy health,
May no illness frown
On hair of sunshine
And eyes of brown!
The goblet's my heart—and love's the wine
That I drink to thee only,—my Valentine.

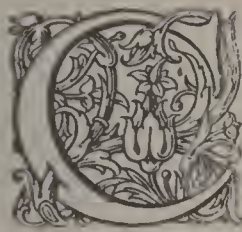
Hear, sweetheart,
The song of love I sing.
Garlands of promise
To thee I bring,
Not vain and foolish,—sincere's the sign
That conveys my love to my Valentine.

Here is my prayer:
I pray to be
Worthy of love
From such as thee;
Worthy of praise from thy lips divine,
That thou 'lt ever, dear, by my Valentine.

And lastly I dream,
For a dreamer am I,
Of the wonderful things
Of the by-and-by.
May thy goodness and greatness forever shine;
May the whole world honor my Valentine.

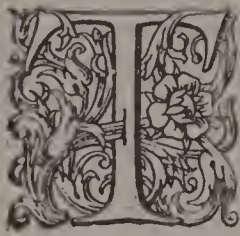
1922

MY DARLING'S PRAYER

OME to my knee, my darling,
And say a little prayer
For the other little trotties
Who are praying "over there."
Pray that their prayers be answered;
Pray that their cause be won;
Pray that their foes be vanquished;
Pray that no harm be done
To them in their clouded childhood;
That God, those clouds may raise;
That their tears may turn to laughter;
That their prayers may turn to praise.

1918

ACROSS THE SEA



THE boat I sail in is my bed
Upon a sea of pain;
I strive to see the future shore,
But only strive in vain.

My native land is fading fast
Within a fog of fears;
For I am strange upon this sea,
Which some have sailed for years.

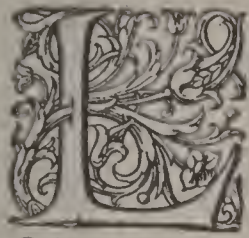
The stars of hope forever shine
Though darkened oft by doubt.
Perchance some wind will drive me home
Though I be drifting out.

Why should I tremble at the wave,
Or watch the threatening sky?
The helmsman of my little craft
Knows better, far, than I.

He knows how long the voyage takes;
He sees across the sea:
O God, who guides my little boat,
I put my trust in Thee!

1918

TO THE FRESHMEN



LET us sharpen our wits
To compete with the foe,
They are really our rivals—the
Freshmen, you know.

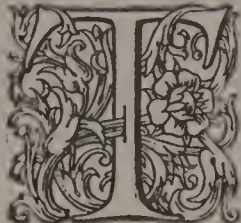
Oh, the awesome, intelligent Freshmen,
The dauntless, vivacious young Freshmen,
But soon the Eighth Graders you'll know.

Initiations you Freshmen have past;
But the one who laughs best
Is the one who laughs last;
Though we may seem foolish, pray call us
no fool,
For often a *scholar* may sit on a stool;
So, may the Eighth Graders be classed!

We long to be Freshmen,
But also desire
To vanquish our foes to a place even higher.
Come, Eighth Grade, let's give the heartiest
cheer
For Teachers and Freshmen, and all who are
here.
'Tis time the salute should be fired!

1918

FROM MY CASTLE WINDOW

 WAS from my castle window—
(Said William H., the Second)—
I saw the glorious hand of war,
And followed where it beckoned.

“It made my hand a mailed fist,
And my brave heart a stone;
It showed me that the world was mine,—
Chose I to rule alone.

“It taught me, too, this doctrine—
‘Kulture for Liberty,’
And anything that I do wrong
Is through necessity.

“I taught my people how to hate,
And that to keep from Hell,
They ought to call it Paradise
And love their Kaiser well.

“Oft from my castle window
I’ve seen ten thousand score
Of mighty Huns and Prussians
Go marching off to war.

“O noble soldiers of fair might!
How they can terrify!
Like me, they never tell the truth
When they can tell a lie.

“Oh, they know how to mutilate!
Nor will they let there stand—
Cathedral or Hospital,
Save in their Fatherland!”


Far from his castle window
Sees Bill of Germany
In lines of Huns retreating
Footprints of Liberty.

“My dauntless Huns, my Prussians,
My power and my throne,
Have you so soon turned traitors,
Left ‘Me and Gott’ alone?

“Out from my castle window,
(To Wilhelm’s ghost, hark ye)
They threw me. Liberty has won
And slain Autocracy.”

November 11, 1918

I KNOW NOT

 IN FRENCH I always spend an hour:
For honors, work with all my power;
But brilliance fades, when questions shower.
The reason why, I know not.

Of course, my Latin I don't hate;
Yet when I go to meet my fate,
I am advised to "concentrate."
The reason why, I know not.

Brave History has such a charm,—
But to my marks brings endless harm;
It fills my teacher with alarm.
The reason why, I know not.

Upon Arithmetic I dote,
And o'er its problems love to gloat,
And yet, what can such marks denote?
The meaning true, I know not.

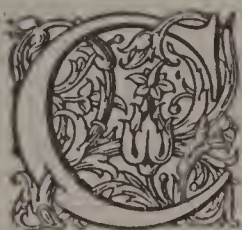
My Spelling is a trifle droll;
I really try with heart and soul,
Yet ne'er I reach the honor roll.
The reason why, I know not.

My work in English seems quite great
Whene'er I stop to meditate—
Still, how I stand, I'll not relate—
Perhaps, kind friend, I know not.

If I won't up and study well,
Why on excuses try to dwell?
Why hesitate the truth to tell?
'Tis my own fault, I know *naught*.

1918

STORMS



COME to my heart, O ye storms of
the wild!

E'en though thy flash be a sword
in my breast.

Hark to the rumble, the sky-heaving pile
Mocking the world of its silence and rest.

Oft it's been woven into strange Serbian lore;
(Behold the heavens their bountiful torrents
release—)

Bright quivers the arrow that Veela sends
forth with a roar;

Swift fadeth the lightning, yet hateth the
thunder to cease.

Wonderful, ancient, colossal pine, noble and
vain,

Like a lone ship on an ocean of trees;
Surrounded by thunder, wind, lightning and
rain,

Shattered's the ship of the mountainous seas.

What mysterious storms are the passions of
human emotion!


In fiery forest of hate dwelleth the dragon of
greed;

Tragedy's tears o'erflood seas of pain and de-
votion;

Deaf seem glad winds to the writhing tem-
pest in need.

1918

MEMORIES

H, THE memory of those evenings
When my little feet were led
Up the stairs to "Tanta's"* room,
Ere I toddled off to bed.

With a big book in my left hand,
And Rag Dolly in my right,
I would scramble up each evening
To that haven of delight.

Oh! the joy of being welcomed
By dear "Tanta's" smile of charm,
And to listen to her reading
While encircled by her arm.

First we read the Moonbeam story,
Which to me was always new,
And Rag Dolly she kept smiling,
For, of course, she liked it too.

Clearly in my childish fancy
I beheld the ray of light
On which oft the Moonbeam fairy
Would come gliding down at night.


And it filled me with a longing,
And a rapture nigh to tears,
Like the sweet enchanting memory
That will never dim with years.

May 25, 1919

*My aunt, Miss Harriet E. Hamilton.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

(Apologies to Wordsworth)

 ROOSEVELT! we need thee at this
hour!

The world hath need of thee; she
is a sea

Of troubled waters; truth and reason flee,
Unions, strikes, and prices that ever tower,
Have robbed from us our fair and old-time
dower

Of lasting happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh! wake us up, and lead us on again
To deeds of courage, virtue, wisdom, power!

Thou played an open, brave, unselfish part!
How oft thy statements, ever clear and free,
Caused men to list, loving or hating thee.
Always thou kept the gospel of fair play
In "cheerful godliness." O mighty heart,
May thy example our great nation sway!

1919

TO MAY*

WHEN I commence to think of love,
A love song or a roundelay,
There is one word that I can sing,
That word is May.

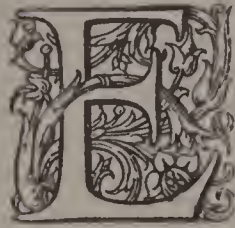
The month that turns to sun and flowers
All April's winds and clouds of gray,
Is far the fairest of the year,
That month is May.

There is a maid who like the month,
Brings sunshine by her word and way;
A maid who makes my heart rejoice,
That maid is May.

1919

*My Twin Sister.

THE LITTLE GIRL OF THE LOOKING-GLASS



EVERYTHING must be in place;
Hair pins, powder, silk and lace;
Everything must be just so,
Careless-like — that none may
know.

She cares not if they pinch her feet—
Those tiny, French-heeled slippers neat.
'Tis past the hour—she should be there,
But wait! These flowers she must wear.
Then o'er her dress of silk and tulle,
She throws her cape. And the little fool
Saluted, as I watched her pass—
The little girl of the looking-glass.

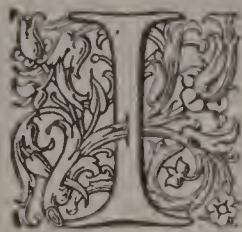
Now she threads the whirling mazes,
Merrily smiling at many faces.
Speaks. No answer? She blushes red,
Wond'ring what on earth she's said.
The orchestra begins to play—
The ball once more is under way.
But she no partner has by chance;
So by the wall she watches the dance.
Four dances long! yet all the while
She bravely waits with a forcèd smile.
The host soon sees, and winks his eye
At an awkward fellow standing by.
Away she goes, now slow, now fast—
Gay little girl of the looking-glass.

Her *one* and *only* dance was o'er,—
She did not wish to wait for more—
Just sought the host. “So glad I came!”
Poor little lie! but who's to blame?
Home she came without a tear.
Her little face seemed full of cheer
As she recounted all the fun;
And no soul guessed—no, not one—
What happened when she sighed, “Alas!”
To the little girl of the looking-glass.

1920

THE FRIGATE OR MAN O' WAR BIRD

(Dedicated to my Grandfather dear, a veteran of the Civil War.)



I HAVE list to the song of the
mocking-bird
Beneath the moon and sun;
I have watched the blue heron
catching crabs

In the wake of a day that's done,
When the big billed pelican
Is on the watch for prey,
With a flock of sea gulls following
To steal his catch away.
But the best of the birds is the frigate bird—
When a storm at sea's begun;
He will dip and soar,
Will this man-o'-war,
Through a wind most birds would shun.

I have list to the red birds chattering
At the break of a cloudless day,
And have watched the eagle flying
To the nest where the young ones lay.
I have seen the Florida gallinule
Parading the sandy shoals;
And a flock of egrets flying,
White as the frozen poles.

But the best of birds is the frigate bird—
When a sea storm's on the way;
 He will dip and soar,
 Will this man-o'-war,
And rejoice in the windy fray.

I have list to the call of a covey of quail
'Neath the morning sky of blue;
I have watched the whip-poor-will circling
 'round,
When owls go whit-too-woo!
And crying night hawks darting forth,
Vast insect realms explore,
While the moon shines down on the canvas
 backs
Assembled for sleep on the shore.
But the best of birds is the frigate bird—
When a storm at sea is due;
 He will dip and soar,
 Will this man-o'-war,
And fly the storm clouds through.

I have list to the song of the meadow-lark
In dewy fields at morn;
I have seen the mourning and turtle doves
Away on their swift wings borne,
And have heard the towhee calling
From palmetto bushes low,
And the unloved rice-bird winging
Above where the rice should grow.

But the best of birds is the frigate bird—
When sea skies look forlorn;
 He will dip and soar,
 Will this man-o'-war,
Who doth the fierce wind scorn.

I have list to the wild canaries
Through many a sunrise hour;
I have watched the tiny humming birds
'Round many a crimson flower,
While a butcher bird oft perches
On the wires overhead,
And red-headed woodpeckers duel
To possess some tree long dead.
But the best of birds is the frigate bird—
When clouds of a sea storm lower;
 He will dip and soar,
 Will this man-o'-war,
And along with the wild wind tower.

Some time when the cat birds mimic
The birds in the underbrush,
And saucy blue jays are busy
Chasing away a thrush.
The gulls may come flying inland,
And the sky becomes boist'rous unrest,
So the little birds call to their parents,
And the parent birds fly to the nest.

But the happiest bird is the frigate bird—
For never a care has he;
 He floats and soars,
 While the wild wind roars,
This bird of the stormy sea.

1920

“LOVE WALKED WITH ME”



EMILY, I thank you from my
heart

For that which you so kindly lent
to me.

I read them and reread them part by part
Those charming verses by Charles Kennedy.

Oh, it was beauty that he fain would meet,
And I enchanted listened to the stream
Of thoughts profoundly sweet,
“Love Walked With Me,” his theme.

Love glorifies the mountain and the rill;
Love leads us on where only love has trod;
Love bids the pained and troubled heart be
still;
Love is the voice of God.

When I behold the joy that love hath
wrought,
Though I am small of stature and of grace,
With little wit, yet in my inmost thought,
I, too, have met with beauty face to face.

1920

TO MY FRIENDS, THE MORGANS



A LITTLE touch of nature makes
the whole world kin:"

So your painted peeps of nature
do my whole heart win.

Oh, the dignity and beauty of that cloudlet,
tree, or rill

That your gifted hand createth in accordance
with your will.

To some painting board or canvas which
seems very void of art,

These sweet miracles of nature you most skill-
fully impart.

There is distance, endless distance, full of
peace where true joy lies,

Glimpses of the varied beauty seen beneath
Floridian skies.

Is it ever toil and labor to your artist's goal
pursue

With a ceaseless, fearless fervor which each
picture can renew?

Is it thus that you created all these scenes of
palm and plain,

The image of whose beauty with me ever
shall remain?

Oh, let the poet have his verse,

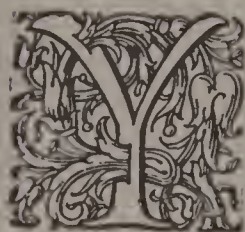
The singer have his song,

'Tis on another wave of art

My spirit floats along!

1920

YOU ASK ME



YOU ask me, May, why I love
Emily,
It's not because I think she cares
for me,

But what she is, and does, and makes me want
to be:

She does the tasks that others leave undone;
She shoulders burdens that the rest would
shun;

She never wearies till the goal is won.

My loneliness she often doth beguile

By gentle word, a hand clasp, or a smile;

An hour with her seems such a little while.

Sad thoughts that hurt, that oft within me
well,

Dear sacred thoughts on which I'm wont to
dwell,

I tell to her for she would never tell.

And having thus relieved my burdened heart,

Left safely anchored in so kind a mart,

I would take courage for a nobler start;

A start which means new hardship and
through it

Lost laughter, but power to renew it,

For knowing her how dare I fail to "DO
IT?"*

1921

*Motto of Dobbs School.

TO M. B.

I WOULD to give a garden, love,
To thee, a garden wondrous fair,
Whose every leaf and bud and tree,
Would thy own beauty image there.

I would to give thee costly gems
Whose brilliance would outshine the sun,
And which as far as weight and size
Might have the prince of Persia won.

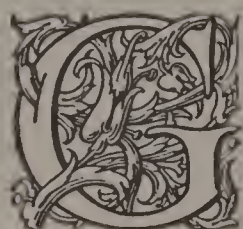
I would to give thee castles high
That might thy every wish fulfill;
I would that I might know thy thought
That I might answer to thy will.

I would to give thee golden fleets
Full ladened from a thousand seas;
And yet, O love, wilt thou be sad,
For I can proffer none of these?

And yet I bring to thee a gift
Sore wounded by Dan Cupid's dart.
Oh, surely thou wilt not refuse
A fond and overflowing heart.

1921

HEALTH



GOOD health I would to have thee
for a friend,
Why must our years be checkered
by ill health?

What is wisdom or earth's flowing wealth
If health upon it faileth to attend?
O Virtuous Gift, from illness me defend!
And crown my joy with what is truly wealth.
What can I chose without the boon of health,
When with that boon my faults could make
amend?

"Knowing thy faults can weakness pardon
thee?"

Thus to my plea my spirit makes reply,
"Oh, let thyself forget thyself awhile,
Only forgotten self is self set free,
And what art thou that pain should pass thee
by?
Even in pain I've seen some people smile."

1921

IN MEMORY OF L. M. S.*

DEAR nameless saint, who would
not sing thy praise?
O soul, so noble! so on virtue
bent!

Who eight and thirty years of life hath spent
In guiding others through tempestuous days.
Speech to dumb lips thy gentle art could
raise;

Ears to the deaf thy loving fingers lent;
Surely to us thou wert from heaven sent
To lift our hearts in love, and us amaze.

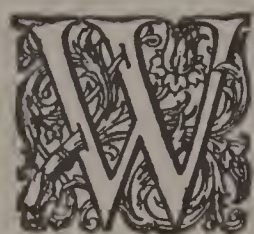
And now they tell us thou hast journeyed on,
As in thy life, in sweet humility.

To those in need the kindest of mothers,
Great thy reward in the fair worlds beyond,
And thy example makes us hope that we
May dedicate our lives to helping others.

1921

*A loving teacher of little deaf children for thirty-eight years.

TO A FRIEND



HERE the summer zephyr blows,
Where the sweet wild violet grows,
Where the sunbeams kiss the rose,
There I dream of you.

Even now that breeze is blowing,
And those violets sweet are growing,
That is where I now am going
And violets pluck for you.

Each one pluck I lovingly,
Each one holds a thought from me,
Would that I could nobler be
With such a friend as you.

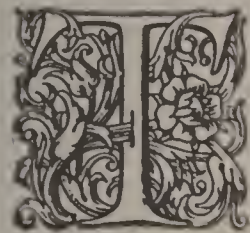
May our friendship teach me this,
Through your great broadmindedness
And unbounded kindness,
To grow more like you.

All the world is set a-singing,
And my troubled thoughts go winging,
As my gathered flowers I'm bringing
Back at last to you.

Is your pity for my pain
But the sunshine after rain?
Tell me, is my love in vain,
This my love for you?

1921

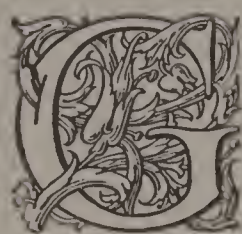
THE MOON



THE moon is rising upward, o'er
the mountain and the lake;
The ripples on the water into
merry laughter break;
In derision of their laughter breaks the laugh-
ter of the loon,
And the moon-path like a finger ever point-
ing to the moon
Makes one feel one can go up it, to that bright
ball if one please,
And discover if it's made of man, lava, or
green cheese;
Or is that but childish fancy and with nature
out of tune,
Which at us would rock with laughter like
the ripples and the loon?

1921

THE CLOUD



GIVE ear and hear my cry,
As unto thee I raise my voice
aloud!
Let not my soul of thirst and hun-
ger die;
Make not our friendship like yon passing
cloud.

Oh, know ye not it is a friend to me,
That fair cloud yonder?
It chains my sight and sets my fancy free,
I thrill with wonder.

What harmony of color, yea, what tone!
Its glories fast increase;
The sun hath set upon the cloud a throne
Of majesty and peace.

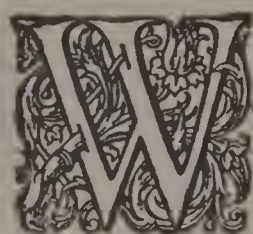
Black the cloud, for gone now is the sun;
Gone those shades sublime;
'Twas but reflection and the cloud ne'er won
Eternity, but time.

Heavy my heart, yet dear to me the thought
That flowers enjoyed the rain;
Since through the sun the cloud its wonders
wrought
Perhaps 'twere not in vain.

Give ear and hear my cry,
As unto thee I raise my voice aloud!
Love thou the sun, but raise thy soul more
high
To Him who made the sun, the soul, the
cloud.

1921

THE MAGIC SHEARS



WITH a clip, clip, clip, and a snip,
snip, snip,
The magic scissors go.
Oh, come, little friends,
Come hand and hand,
To a wonderful place,
Called silhouette land,
Where there's many a marvel and many a
show,
For everything there in a wink can grow
By a clip of the magic shears.

Hear the clip, clip, clip, and the snip, snip,
snip,
'Tis the magic shears, I guess!
Oh, look, little friend,
Come look and see,
The dancing dolls,
And the Christmas tree!
There are dozens of white mice, more or less,
And savage Indians in full war dress.
Hurrah! for the magic shears.

Oh, it's clip, clip, clip, and it's snip, snip, snip,
That the magic scissors sing;
Just peep, little friends,
At a single glance
You'll see knights errant

With lifted lance,
And rows of fairies on gauzy wing
And serpents that never knew how to sting,
All due to the magic shears.

With a clip, clip, clip, and a snip, snip, snip,
The scissors continue to chop.
Oh, wait, little friends,
In the shortest while
Grows a double-tailed cat
With an ear to ear smile.
And each little boat has a full mast top;
And all of the hop-toads look ready to hop,
Through the art of the magic shears.

Then let's clip, clip, clip, and snip, snip, snip,
With the magic scissors true.
Oh, dear, little friends,
Do you like the band
Of curious things
In silhouette land?
There are houses and steeples, and such a zoo
As Noah's flood-time never knew,
All due to the magic shears.

Some folks may call the cuttings crude
And laugh as they watch us play;
But I'll always honor the magic shears
As they merrily clip away.

1921


DESPAIR

I HAVE hung my harp on the wil-
low tree
As many an unknown bard has
done;
I have dreamed of the immortality
That famous poets have won.

Now dead the dream, the harp at rest
No longer public praise I choose;
The silent songs within my breast
In secret court the muse.

1921

ANNIVERSARY GREETINGS

ID the balm of pine and balsam,
Wedding bells of memory clear,
Ring another anniversary
Of a bride and bridegroom dear.

Round the wedding table seated,
Many hearts to them they win,
On the shores of fair lake Oxtongue
At their famous camp Chape-Inn.

Five and forty years have brought them
To this anniversary day,
With their children grouped around them,
And grandchildren bright and gay.

Though far from you, save in spirit,
Joyous love my heart doth fill,
Here's to precious Auntie Lizzie
And to darling Uncle Will.

September 7, 1921

MY DOLLY

MY DOLLY is so lifelike,
And yet so good and mild,
That I never knew a mother
With less troublesome a child.

Her eyes are blue as summer skies,
Her lips are rosebuds tight,
She wears a cap and nightie
Snowy white.

Her bonnet is all dainty
With ribbon and with lace,
With cunning little ribbon bows
To frame her baby face.

Her face and hands are dimpled
With such charm
That I love to have her nestle
In my arm.

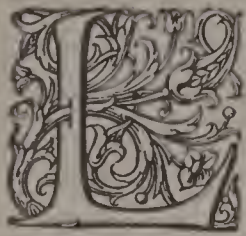
When happiness seems surely mine,
And I've no cause to doubt it,
I take my dolly in my arms
And tell her all about it.

Or when some tears run o'er a bit,
And eyes begin to smart,
I tell my little dolly,
All the troubles of my heart;
And though she cannot say one word
Nor even change her smile,
I feel that still she understands
And loves me all the while.

There are dolls that come from Paris,
That say "ma" and "papa" too;
There are dollies that can close their eyes
(As long as they are new).
There are China dolls, and wax dolls,
And wooden dolls as well;
There are French dolls, and German dolls,
And Norway's painted belle;
There are dolls that walk a little,
And some have lovely curls,
But I wouldn't change *my* dolly
Not for worlds.

1922

MY LIBRARY



LEATHER bound and gilt-edged,
Paper-bound, and cloth—
Hie away, ye dusty elves!
Fly away, ye moth!
I shall slay thee nothing loath,
If ye touch my shelves,
Touch the books so dear to me,
Which I feast on dreamily,
Which rest me when I wearily
Leave the rush of men.

Leather bound and gilt-edged,
Red, and blue, and sage—
In some solitary nook
Pondering o'er the printed page
I behold a former age.
There are heroes in my book;
Heroes who outlive the throng
Immortalized in verse and song
Who wield influence strong
On the lives of men.

Leather bound and gilt-edged,
Tree calf and gold,
Let the clocks forget to run,
Let the seconds hours hold;
I, in books that ne'er grow old,
Shall find endless fun.

Here are fanciful creations;
Here unnumbered generations;
Here all deeds and creeds and nations
Seen by literary men.

Leather bound and gilt-edged,
Giddy things and staid—
Deep within my magic hall
Science, secrets have betrayed,
Art shows forth her wonders made,
And musicians call.
The scientists of modern days,
The poets with peculiar ways,
The artists who attract our gaze,
Oft are humble men.

Leather bound and gilt-edged,
Dog-eared and bent—
The present is forgotten, quite:
By tournaments and wars I'm spent,
Or by romantic raptures sent
Where dwells my heart's delight.
Give I tears to tragedy,
Hearty laugh to comedy,
It is all as real to me
As the world of men.

Leather bound and gilt-edged,
Broad-backed and lean—
A library's a treasure!
It's such a homey, cozy scene,
When every book your friend has been,
And brought you pleasure.


Oh, do you not as oft as I
Unheeding let the world slip by
When fascinating books you spy
And leave your fellowmen?

Leather bound and gilt-edged,
Medium, short and tall—
A library is a jewel!
Irresistible the call
Of a lovely book-lined wall—
Good as any school.
When books of action you read through
Do they not awake in you
A longing to get up and do
Great goodness unto men?

Leather bound and gilt-edged,
Paper-bound, and cloth—
Hie away, ye dusty elves!
Fly away, ye moth!
I shall slay thee nothing loath,
If ye touch my shelves,
Touch the books so dear to me,
Which I feast on dreamily,
Which rest me when I wearily
Leave the rush of men.

1922

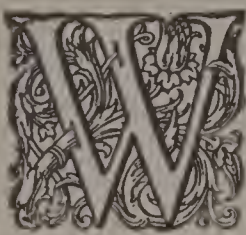
TO E. B. M.*

 TAK ye not wi' cruel ken
The mony faults of maids and men.
Ye hae no cause to cruel be
Wi' sic a braw an' sonsie e'e.
The mony poems your path I'm struein'
I wad no like ye to be ruein'.
O, do they make ye much desire
To make o' them a bonny fire?
Yet should ye muckle tire o' me
I couldna cease frae loving thee,
"For a' that and a' that."

1922

*After reading Burns.

COFFEE CUPS

HEN I tempted am to sup
From the enticing coffee cup,
I dare not peep
Into the evening's gathering gloom,
And read therein my certain doom,
Night without sleep.

The birds that watery nectar drink,
At eve to peaceful slumber sink,
How envious I,
Who for one moment's ray of pleasure,
Must count that old monotonous measure
Of hours ticking by.

At times my eyes have heavy been,
Amid the evening's dance and din,
When wakefulness I chose.
At morn when to my bed I came,
My eyes—the coffee was to blame—
Just would not close.

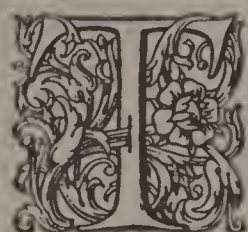
Indeed it is a sorry plight
When through the wide-eyed starry night
I need must brood
Over my failures of the day,
And when the darkness wears away,
Rise in cross mood.

Alas! this sociable appetite
Which chains disaster to delight,
Tempts luringly.
I'm glad that wines I never knew,
Could they but half the mischief do
That coffee does for me.

1923

F

A VALENTINE


AIN'T no use this writing poetry
When my heart's too full to speak,
And I know I ain't half worthy
Of the love I fain would seek.

'Tain't no use to go day dreaming
Building castles in the air,
When they burst they break my heart most,
And there's not a soul to care.

But there's no use being bashful,
My, how I for courage pine.
Just to tell her that I love her,
Want her for my Valentine.

1923

TO WINIFRED

 HER hair is soft and golden,
Like the glorious setting sun;
If there's work that must be tackled
She's the girl to get it done.
If kindliness and modesty could have their
rightful place,
If sincerity were sought for more than arti-
ficial grace,
If her goodness and her virtues could be ade-
quately told;
We would love her charm and beauty,
And would hail it as our duty
To make our hearts true loving hearts
Like Winnie's heart of gold.

1923

“UNCLE O'TOOLE”



LITTLE girl frightened 'most
out of breath,
Perched high on a wooden stool,
Read her first efforts at writing
verse

To her much loved “Uncle O'Toole.”

A man of great eloquence and fame,
And yet so wise and mild,
That he found a meaning in those words,
And won the heart of the child.

And when that child had older grown,
And gone away to school,
She found added strength for her daily work
Because of her “Uncle O'Toole.”

His words of love and encouragement,
As well as his frolic and fun,
Had thus enriched and made easier
Each little victory won.

Now the name of that little girl is June,
And “Uncle O'Toole's” I'll tell;
I think perhaps you know him too,
For the whole world knows him well.

He is Dr. Woelfkin to New York;
And “Uncle O'Toole” to me;
A man of grace with a beautiful face,
And a saint to eternity.

1924

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